

In Memoriam.

Hon. Monroe L. Hayward  
Senator-elect from Neb-  
raska.

Eulogy of Mr. E. J. Burkett.  
1900.





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IN MEMORIAM.

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HON. MONROE L. HAYWARD,

Senator-elect from Nebraska.

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EULOGY OF MR. E. J. BURKETT,  
OF NEBRASKA,

IN THE  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

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WASHINGTON.

1900.





EULOGY  
OF  
MR. E. J. BURKETT.

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EULOGY ON THE LATE SENATOR HAYWARD.

The SPEAKER. The hour of 1 o'clock was set apart for eulogies on the late Senator HAYWARD; and as there is nothing more pending before the House, without objection, the exercises will be taken up at this time.

There was no objection.

Mr. BURKETT. Mr. Speaker, I desire to offer the following resolutions, and ask that they be adopted.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That it is with profound sorrow and regret that the House has heard of the death of Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, late Senator-elect from the State of Nebraska.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the House be suspended to enable his friends to pay proper tribute of regard to his high character and distinguished worth.

*Resolved*, That the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased with the action of the House thereon.

*Resolved*, That, as an additional mark of respect, the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. BURKETT. Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. ROBINSON, is not able to be present to-day, and I ask unanimous consent that permission be given to him, and to such other gentlemen as would like to avail themselves of the privilege, to print their remarks in the RECORD.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Nebraska asks unanimous consent to permit members to print remarks on the pending order. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chairs hears none, and it is so ordered.



Mr. BURKETT. Mr. Speaker, in beginning my remarks I desire to read a little from the Congressional Directory of the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress:

MONROE LELAND HAYWARD, Republican, of Nebraska City, was born in Willsboro, Essex County, N. Y., December 22, 1840; enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Infantry at the beginning of the civil war, and was afterwards transferred to the Fifth New York Cavalry; discharged in December, 1862, owing to disability arising from sickness; on returning home entered Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, where he completed his education; in the meantime his father had removed to Wisconsin, and he followed; studied law at Whitewater, Wis., and removed to Nebraska in 1867, settling at Nebraska City, where he has resided ever since and practiced his profession; was a member of the State constitutional convention in 1873; filled out a term on the district bench by appointment of the governor in 1886; was the Republican candidate for governor in the fall of 1898, and was defeated by 3,000 votes; was elected United States Senator, to succeed WILLIAM VINCENT ALLEN, March 8, 1899.

His term of service will expire March 3, 1905.

That is briefly the life of our late beloved Senator from Nebraska as the compiler wrote it.

But that was written while the Senator was yet alive and among us. Now it does not satisfy us. We would know more of him. We would go into detail; follow his life more closely and from it draw inspiration and hope.

When that was written we did not need more, we did not want more; for he was himself to all who knew him—the revelation of his own life and character, most reliable and instructive and impressive.

His life, like a book, could not be published until the last chapter was written, for it was growing better and broader and more beautiful all the while. But he has gone from among us. The deeds of his life are now history, and what may be said of him will need no revision for subsequent data.

We have set apart this day for eulogy upon his life and character, and when those who wish shall have spoken, we shall adjourn this House out of respect to his memory.

The biography which I have just read is but a paragraph. It covers but a small part of one page of the book. All men's history can be told in about equal time, while they live. The little and the great alike need but small space and little of printer's ink to satisfy their fellow-men.

But how different after death. So long as a man lives we are



content with a modicum of information about him, comparatively speaking. We like to know from whence he sprung, his source, and in some instances his resources, what he is capable of doing, what he has accomplished, and what he is now. From a laboring man applying for employment to a Presidential candidate the category varies but little. Hence his birthplace, his acquired titles, and his politics are about all the Clerk has put in the Congressional Directory.

But that is not sufficient now. It does not satisfy us. There is a longing to know more of him. We want to know not merely where he was born and when, but what made him Senator! Ah! more yet than that; we not only would know what made him Senator HAYWARD, but what made him the great-hearted, noble-minded, and beloved "Judge Hayward," as we knew him so long.

These latter traits made him Senator. The office added nothing to his "parts," nor indeed to the affection of his constituents. The office was but the expression of that affection.

Those of us who knew Senator HAYWARD (and I regret that you did not all know him well) realize that no biography, of whatever dimensions, will ever do justice to his character and ability, and that no eulogy will compute the good that he has accomplished.

The choicest things in a great man's life can never be written. They assume forms for which the human language has no words delicate enough to describe.

There is a power of presence indescribable in a truly great man, and while understood and appreciated it can not be told. There are no words for it.

By this power of presence or personality in a man, indescribable, and its influence for good, I speak of the influence which Lowell meant when he said:

The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to ceiling.

I speak of the power of the presence alone of Napoleon, which the Duke of Wellington said "equaled forty thousand men." I speak of the presence of a godly man, though he say not a word. I speak of the air surrounding a great man, the potent force, the "still small voice" of living and doing and walking and acting that can not be told.

Nevertheless it is there and, like the subtle aroma of the rose,

permeates the entire community in which he is, and all men and things are better and sweeter because he lives.

Most books are read by scanning the title page, perhaps, then glancing at the introduction, and, possibly, casually looking over the index. There are few books that stand this test sufficiently to warrant further consideration.

Bacon says:

Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested.

And as with books, so with men. Not all will sustain extended biographies. The deeds of life have not merited it, nor will the resulting benefits to the world warrant it.

If biography is ever beneficial and worthy of reading, if the deeds and motives are ever worthy of example, we may well give ear to the life and acts and motives of our late Senator.

Extend his biography, and you have the history of Nebraska. Extol his virtues, and you have noble example. Recite his deeds, and you get inspiration. The world is better because he lived. He did something for his State, his country, and humanity.

He came to Nebraska the year that the State came into the Union of States. As Nebraska assumed the responsibilities of statehood he donned the toga of a Nebraska citizen. Nebraska was a young State, and he was a young man. Nebraska grew, and he developed with her. He endured the cares and vicissitudes of the new country and waxed strong in their midst. He and the State grew together.

Senator HAYWARD was never for a moment a blank in Nebraska affairs. The State needed his counsel and his indomitable energy every moment. He was not an "officeholder" nor, indeed, an "office seeker;" but the story of the State could not be written with him left out. He framed her constitution as a member of the convention. He counseled in her legislation. He interpreted her laws as judge. He broke her boundless prairies and turned them into a cornfield unsurpassed in the world; he developed her industries; he brought to every question and condition thrift, energy, integrity, perseverance, and industry.

With these qualities he mastered the problems that confronted the new State, and instead of chaos and uncertainty set up law and order. And with these instruments of peace and tranquillity

he brought to her fame and respect abroad; security and confidence at home.

He was always a conspicuous figure in Nebraska. From the time of his arrival in the State he was associated with and in competition with the strongest men intellectually. He settled in Nebraska City, where have lived many of the strongest men, not only in our State, but in the nation.

He had for his contemporaries at home such men as O. P. Mason, late chief justice of our supreme court and a man of giant intellect; Senator Tipton, who but recently died in this city, acknowledged to be one of the strongest men who ever sat in the American Senate, and Senator Van Wyck, who doubtless many here now will remember. Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of whom all Nebraskans are proud as the Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, also lives in the same city, and has been his neighbor and contemporary for more than a quarter of a century.

Mr. Morton and Mr. HAYWARD did not always agree in politics. Against each other there was waged the bitterest warfare politically. Each, the leader of his own party, of course received full front the onslaughts of the other. Each had been the candidate of his party for the highest gift within the elective power of the people of the State; but, to the glory of both, in 1893, when Judge HAYWARD was the candidate for governor, Mr. Morton threw aside all political prejudices, sunk old animosities beneath his great love of home and State and the vital principles for which Mr. HAYWARD stood, and, leaving behind him political traditions, supported Mr. HAYWARD.

It is pleasant to recall that these two great leaders, for a quarter of a century, of opposing forces, always personal friends, should stand shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, and, from the same platform, battle for the same principles and truths and candidates in the last political conflict that Senator HAYWARD should be permitted to enter.

Senator HAYWARD was not well known in Washington, at least in Senatorial circles. We regret that it is so. We are proud of him in Nebraska, and every man in the Senate would have been proud of him as a colleague. But he never occupied a chair as Senator. The silent reaper, Death, cut him off from the world before he was permitted to enter this Capitol as a Senator. He

was not permitted to adorn yonder splendid Chamber. His voice had no opportunity to give utterance to his wisdom nor to express his kindness of heart.

As a Senator he is not judged, either here or at home, and as a Senator we shall not speak of him. For, exalted as that position is, it did not make him great. He was exalted in public opinion before he became Senator. He was a strong man and beloved without the title. The position was but a golden remembrance from his loving fellow-citizens.

He stood high as a lawyer and as a judge. He ranked well as a business man. He was quick of perception, keen in discerning, and of good judgment. His counsel was sought in all affairs as worthy of consideration.

He was a student. His life was one of work. His was an active disposition. No stuffed countenance of feigned learning was his; no assumed "parts;" no arrogated greatness to which he was a stranger. But what he appeared to be he was, and what he was was apparent—a strong-minded, cultured, unassuming man.

He was not a wit. He was not a "brilliant" man as commonly expressed, resplendent in the effulgence of natural abilities alone. That was not the impression he made. His was the trained mind. His was wisdom wrought out with sledge-hammer blows in imperishable steel. His years of careful research and experience had developed a giant intellect. His contact with the world had molded and shaped that intellect into an instrument of power and beauty. His mind was a gem of matchless worth; yet it was dressed and polished only as a pebble washed down the dancing, chattering brook, by constant collision with the débris by the wayside.

A strong mind, a firmness of purpose, a quickness of resolution, a never-ending devotion to what he laid his hands to, made his attacks irresistible and his defense impregnable.

With these qualities he wrought for the world and humanity, and for this he is loved. It is always by what men accomplish that they are measured; for what they do that they are loved or despised. Men are not measured by what they are capable of doing, but rather by what they do.

I once heard a preacher say "There are many untaught Jennie

Linds on Nebraska prairies." But he uttered only half a truth, and he could not prove that half a truth sufficiently to give the world credence in his statement. And the "just as good" theory neither detracts a whit from her glory nor even dims the luster of the splendor of the matchless warbler of "Home, Sweet Home."

Intentions and possibilities are excuses. Doing and accomplishing defend themselves. The heroes of all ages and all people have been those who have done something for their fellow-men, and by it have won their admiration; men whose energy shirked no responsibility imposed by instinct, and whose instinct was fraternal.

This doing for our fellows may not always consist in saving a nation, nor of leading successful armies. It may not be accomplished in the halls of Congress nor from the pulpit. It may be little or great, but in the measure of it is man loved.

Senator HAYWARD'S life is a rebuke to those men who seem to think that thrift and frugality, or rather the fruit of thrift and frugality, is a stamp that distinguishes an enemy of human kind. He was a successful man in business. While the Eastern press, in many instances, has largely overestimated his fortune, nevertheless he was, for the Middle West, considered a well-to-do man.

But no one ever impugned his motives on that account. He came honestly by what he had. It was the fruit of his toilsome effort.

The good that such men do is immeasurable when compared with the utterances of those whose only aim in life is to array unfortunate humanity and worthless humanity against the imaginary bugbear of capital. Capital is the fruit of head and hand. Motive is of the heart and makes neither rich nor poor, but in both alike is good or bad.

These manipulators of popular passion depreciate every quality of energetic, conservative, industrious living. Such men in few instances do much of good for their locality or mankind in general. They are sterile and create nothing. They are simply circumstances. They just stand around.

I like more the man who "inspires the heart;" "incites to better deeds;" and whose counsel and sayings lift humanity up out of the quagmire of gnarling.



It is not difficult to be a "kicker." It is not hard to be a lawyer "who sits on the court-house steps and criticise the Supreme Court decisions." It is easy to tell how to better things. It is easier to condemn than to bless. It is easy to tell what ought to be done for the State, but it takes effort to do something for the State.

As I have said before, Senator HAYWARD wrought for the State. He was a successful man and a true man.

The qualities of a true man are many, but Senator HAYWARD had them. He had energy, and that was necessary, for the sluggard impoverishes himself, foregoes the assistance of his neighbors, and merits the disrespect of all men.

He had method, and without it energy results in much lost motion. He gave to everything application and faithfulness, and it was because of these qualities of a true man that he was successful; for, to use some one else's words—

The great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful.

He was attentive, punctual, and industrious, and "success is more often on the side of the industrious." He was honest in business and honest in the social world. These are the qualities of a true man. He possessed them, and his success was an index that he did possess them, and not the brand of tyranny and oppression.

He was a veteran of the civil war. His comrades loved him. They had pinned their faith to him. They believed in him. They depended upon him for assistance and looked forward with fondest hopes to the time when he should come on to Washington to assume the more active duties of his office. For they believed that he would solve some of the difficulties that stand between them and the Government's generosity in their declining years.

He knew that "the pension roll was a roll of honor." He knew the heartaches and the suffering and the trials that it took to entitle one to a place thereon.

He is dead. Our people mourn because of his death. Our State has lost a splendid citizen and an important factor. The nation is deprived of a valuable counselor; but humanity has left his noble example as an inspiration and hope for coming generations.













14









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